

Anna Lloyd

THE *Rescue of*

HEATHEN MARTYR:

OR, THE

DEATH

Margaret Jones OF *Mynydd Eiddaf*

SOCRATES,

An Historical

TRAGEDY.

In which is shewn,

That the Plague which infested the People of *Athens*
was stay'd by the Destruction of the Enemies of that
Divine Philosopher.

By G. ADAMS, M. A.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR.

M.DCC.XLVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Theſeus, *King of Athens.*

Socrates.

Plato,

Crito,

Apollodorus,

Charophon,

First Judge, Lycon,

Lyſias, *the Orator*

Euripides,

Melitus,

Anytus,

Porphirius,

Protogoras, *Priest of Minerva.*

Dromo, *Servant to Melitus.*

Friends of Socrates.



His Enemies and Accusers.

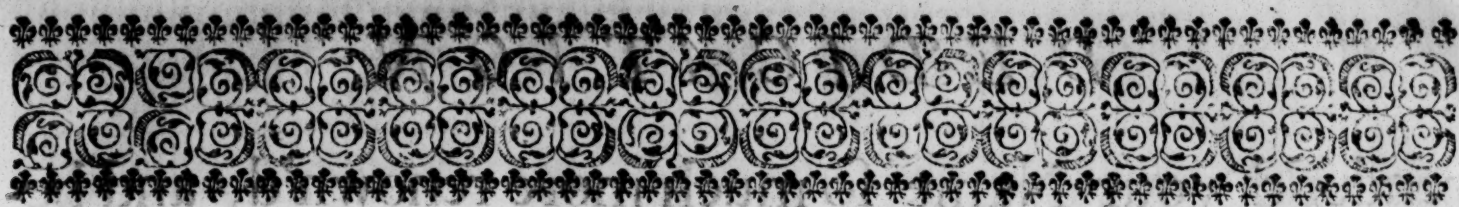
*Judges, Player, Head Jailor, Deputy Jailor, Officers,
Guards, Attendants, Athenians, &c.*

W O M E N.

Melissa, *Wife of Melitus,*

Xantippe, *Wife of Socrates,*

Two Children of Socrates.



To His Royal Highness

The Duke of *CUMBERLAND*.

S I R,

THIS Tragedy humbly throws itself at your Royal Highness's Feet for Protection, who have been to our Nation twice a Deliverer; as the renown'd King *Theseus*, who bears a Part therein, was to the People of *Athens*; First, by slaying the *Cretan Minotaur*, who annually devoured seven of their Youths; and afterwards, by putting an end to the Plague which afflicted that People, for the Death of the divine *Socrates*, by the Destruction of his wicked Persecutors. For no sooner had your Royal Highness return'd from the Slaughter of our inveterate mortal Enemies Abroad; but you was called upon, by the Divine Providence, to put an end to another Plague at Home; the Plague of a wicked and unnatural Rebellion, by the Destruction of the Authors and Abettors thereof; in which so many of your Royal Father's loyal Subjects lost their Lives and Fortunes, which by your Courage and Conduct you happily effected. Such glorious Atchievements done by your Royal Highness, for the Good of the British Nation, and the Protestant Interest in general, have
render'd

DEDICATION

render'd your Name so much more renown'd, and belov'd, by all true Lovers of their King and Country, true Religion and Liberties, than was ever that of King *Theseus*; by how much more valuable is the Deliverance of a Nation, professing the Christian Religion, in its greatest Purity and Perfection, from its worst of Enemies, Popery and Slavery, than the Deliverance of a *Heathen Nation*. That the Blessings secur'd to these Nations, and to all others who enjoy them by your Royal Highness, may for ever be continued to us under the Succession of your Royal Line; That you may live a long, happy, and prosperous Life; while all Nations, professing the Christian Religion, do, with the greatest Love, Honour, and Gratitude, esteem you as it's Defender and Preserver; and that after this mortal Life is ended, you may attain everlasting Joy and Felicity in the World to come; is, with all Sincerity, the continual Prayer of

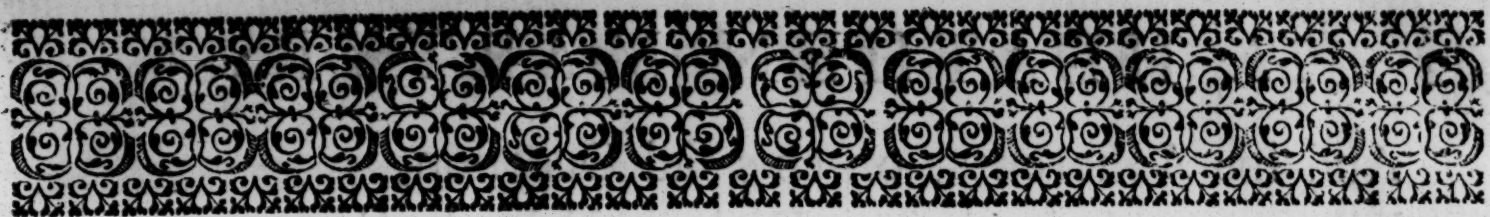
Your Royal Highness's

most Obedient,

most Humble,

and most devoted Servant,

GEORGE ADAMS.



T H E
H E A T H E N M A R T Y R :
O R, T H E
D E A T H o f S O C R A T E S.

A C T I.

S C E N E King Theseus's Palace at Athens, near the
Senate House.

Enter CRITO and LYSIAS.

C R I T O.

TH E Morning comes, and with it our Reproach,
Th' eternal Infamy of guilty *Athens*.

Shall then the Sun, O *Lysias*, shame our Country?
And must we hide ourselves in Night's dark Covert?
The Night, that scantling gives the Villain Comfort;
His short Vicissitudes from conscious Thought.

LYS. Partaker in the Grief, unable to refute,
I hear the just Reproach of an *Athenian*;
Fruitless the Search; nor can we aught alledge
To vindicate the Honour of our Country.
What shall its Foes report?

CRIT.

Ah! ----- rather say

What shall its Friends, the injur'd *Socrates*,

B

And

And his Adherents, on this sad Occasion,
 When he, their ancient Father, Friend, Preserver,
 Is as a Malefactor, with Reproach,
 Arraign'd before an impious Tribunal
 Of Judges, whom his Valour had preserv'd
 Against their Foes in War, and Wisdom taught
 In Times of Peace to tread the Paths of Virtue.

LYS. In vain I strove to stem th'o'erflowing Torrent
 Of their ungovern'd Rage; pleaded in vain;
 For like a Horse unus'd to the Restraint
 Of Curbs and Bits, the furious Rabblement,
 Incens'd by popular Murmurs, cry'd aloud,
 Their ancient Gods, their Temples, Altars, Rites,
 Were by this *Socrates* prophan'd, deny'd,
 And a new God unknown to them set up.

CRIT. Such is the Madness of the common People:
 They ne'er allow themselves the Time to think;
 But, like the Blood-Hounds, give them but the Scent,
 They stop not till they've hunted down their Prey.
 Altho' his nat'ral Modesty disclaims
 The Title of the wisest of Mankind,*
 Which by the Oracle he was declar'd,
 Professing himself to be ignorant
 Of common Things; yet among the Sophists
 That Title has been judg'd to be his Due
 By their misled Disciples, whom in Thoughts
 More serious he converted from their Schools.
 Then do you think that he can be so vile?

LYS. I do not. But what is one single Hero
 Against a Troop of popular *Demagogues*,

Who

* See Bysshe's *Life of Socrates*, p. 52.

Who spare no Cost or Pains to gain the Many,
And blow up their Seditions under-hand.
This do *Melitus*, *Anytus*, and *Lycon*,*
Who for some secret Grudges, as 'tis said,
'Gainst *Socrates*, who with his Tongue chastiz'd
The Lewdeness of the Comick Poets, who
Flatter the Vices of an impious Age,
And the Corruption of their Ministry,
Have with profoundest Hatred resolv'd
To wreck their Malice by the good Man's Death.

CRIT. And they, you know, are bold, impetuous,
Powerful, wealthy, and their Passions Slaves;
Too proud to learn Instructions, and too base
To pardon such as will rebuke their Faults.

LYS. Can Heaven behold such Virtue in Distress,
Nor with its choicest Curses blast the Authors
Of such Ingratitude?

CRIT. 'Tis true indeed
That Nations suffer for such publick Crimes:
But why, dear *Lysias*, canst thou tell me why
Should guiltless Men thus suffer with the Guilty,
And both be join'd in one promiscuous Fate?

LYS. The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;
Our Understanding traces them in vain:
We only know its Wisdom cannot err
From Right, however lost in the Pursuit.

CRIT. Such Speculations may become your Age,
And graver Thoughts: But is there yet no Hope
That we may still prevent the fatal Sentence,
And save a Life so precious to Mankind,
The Life of our great Master, *Socrates*?

B 2

LYS.

* See Bysshe's *Life of Socrates*, p. 79.

4 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

LYS. The Articles which are alledg'd against him
Are new and strange; but yet his base Accusers,
Who hatch'd them in their own accurs'd Cabals,
Wretches suborn'd by Hell, have sworn to them.

CRIT. 'Tis said that *Lycon*, who was once his Foe,
Is now become his Friend, and Pleader for him.

LYS. Then I'll endeavour still to keep him so:
His Interest will be of much Importance;
He's highly honour'd by the King and Senate:
And what in us less graceful might appear,
His Countenance, like *Midas* King of *Phrygia*,
Who whatsoe'er he touch'd turn'd into Gold,
Will change to Virtue and to Excellence.

CRIT. He sees us, and approaches: I'll withdraw
And leave you for a while. *Lysias* remember
A good Man's Life depends upon your Tongue.
Farewell.

[*Exit* Crito.]

LYS. *Crito* farewell:

To Lycon entering.

How does my noble Lord?

LYC. Oh! *Lysias*, Words are too weak to express
The Tale I have to tell of mighty Wonder.

LYS. Speak, say, is *Socrates* condemn'd to die?
This Silence seems to answer me he is.

LYC. Too sure, alas! he is.

LYS. And Sentence pass'd?

LYC. No, that's deferr'd until another Day.

LYS. Tell me the Process, *Lycon*, how he bore it.

LYC. 'Twould have amaz'd you. You have seen Mount *Atlas*,
When Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,

And

And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its Height;
Such was the mighty Soul of this great Man.

Judges, said he, you see my Innocence;
The Charge you have confess'd to be unjust,
Nor will I beg a lesser Punishment

When it appears I have deserved none.

Do you not honour such as are expert
In Sciences, and able to instruct?

Why then should I be sentenced to Death,
Because my Doctrine's useful to Mankind.

LYS. What follow'd then? Oh! let us hear the rest,
How did the Judges relish this Defence.

LYC. Long silently they sat, nor rais'd their Heads,
As if Astonishment had seiz'd them all,
And a Confusion scarce to be express'd;
With such Command he aw'd the whole Assembly;
Some wept, some rag'd, and in the Populace
A general Groan was heard of inward Grief:
But *Socrates*, fearless of all Death's Terrors
Said, Die I must, nor need I stand in fear
Of what I know will come, when it will come;
A necessary End to all Mankind.

LYS. 'Tis Time then you renounce your Enmity,
And join with us his Friends to save a Life
So useful, and prevent the World's great Loss.

LYC. Oh may he live till Time and Death are both
Sunk in th' immense Gulph of Eternity;
For when he's gone, Virtue and Truth must die;
Religion and her Laws. Who then shall dare

6 The HEATHEN MARTYR,

To check the lawless Tyrant's Cruelty,
Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
With Threats of future never ceasing Woes?
Or to foretel th' Elysian Joys prepar'd
For Saints who persevere in Virtue's Course?

Lys. Ay! there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loss:
With him, Goodness herself is doom'd to suffer,
Or else be banish'd to her native Skies,
Weary of Men, and their detested Ways.

Lyc. Kind Heaven ordain some better Fate for *Athens*.

Lys. What better can we hope if he should die?

Lyc. Thro' Ignorance I join'd with his Accusers;

But now his Virtues flash out bright and clear

Thro' the dark Cloud of Infamy cast on him.

I did not, for my Part, contrive his Death;

I had no pers'nal Cause to be his Foe,

But for the Sake of that conceited Sect

---- Of Sophists, whose insulting Pride

Boasts of superior Knowledge, and would lead

Men blind-fold on with most inhuman Wrath

To hate who e'er dissent from what they teach.

Lys. The pernicious Principles, of which

They were the first Planters, have now enflam'd

The Wrath of *Socrates's* Enemies,

Because he always labour'd to expose

The Emptiness of all their Sciences.

Lyc. But be that as it will, I will not join

To persecute for such religious Brawls,

Wherein or Right or Wrong cannot be known;

No Reason rules, but Passion bears the Sway.

Lys.

LYS. Rightly you have describ'd that impious Throng;
Their curst Influence reigning in the Senate,
Hath bent its Rage 'gainst his devoted Head.
Oh! wretched *Athens*, how is thy Glory fullied,
Since fam'd *Themistocles*, our Patriot's time!
Govern'd by such a Set of Miscreants.

LYC. *Melitus* Wife oft falls in Tears before him,
Telling him of her terryfying Dreams
Of this just Man, and begs him not to swear
Against his Life; --- but here, I see him coming.

Enter a Servant of Lyfias.

Servant. My Lord, some Friends expect you, at your House,
And among them are *Socrates*, and most
Of his Disciples, who desire to see you.

LYC. Good *Lyfias* go; I'll follow you this Instant;
I'll have one Moment's Conference with *Melitus*,
Tho' much I fear he is too closely link'd
To old *Anytus's* Faction, that sworn Foe
Of *Socrates*, for me to separate them: [*Ex. Lyf. and Serv.*
Tho' not impossible when I apply
Some serious Counsel to his Youth and Wildness:

Enter Melitus.

LYC. My Lord I hear what much displeases me,
And what does not suit with your Nobleness,
If true; that is, that you're become the Chief
Of the bold Faction, who have been conspiring
To charge the good, the awful *Socrates*,
Of capital Offences 'gainst the State.

MEL.

8 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

MEL. And it is true, such Crimes are laid against him.

LYC. If so, I fear you're drawing on yourself

Mischiefs that may at length prove fatal to you.

MEL. What said great *Lycon*? Speak those Words again.

Are you o'th' sudden turn'd his Advocate?

Hath his stern Maxims caught your noble Mind,

Disarm'd you of your generous Resentments,

That from a Foe you're now become his Friend?

LYC. Call them not gen'rous, but cast back your Eye

Upon the Wonders he has done to serve

Your Nation, and in setting up its Fame,

That it appears the Column of the World,

Which else had sunk into the low'st Contempt:

Your Statesmen, Generals, and Politicians

Preserv'd from Death by him in bloody Wars;

Great *Alcibiades* and *Xenophon*:

And more, remember his Exploits at *Dellium*,

At *Potidaea* and *Amphipolis*,

And then consider if you can arraign him.

MEL. Now! by my Stars, I believe you are become

One of his Scholars too; but have a Care,

Lest you should be involved in his Fate;

Shall those Exploits, or twice as many more,

Excuse th'unbridled Licence of his Tongue,

His Censures against us who have the Power

To make and unmake Kings? Must we be modell'd

By saucy Lectures of Philosophy?

LYC. Why do you cast out such ungenerous Terms

'Gainst the divine Instructor of Mankind?

Delight of Kings and Princes, given by

The

The Hand of God to the *Athenian* People,
To let them see their Faults and make them virtuous.

MEL. *Lycon* you seem enamour'd with the Stoic.

What is this boasted Goodness you commend so?

LYC. His Soul is bent upon the noblest Views;

To lay such Maxims down of Government,

That Governors may gain their Subjects Love ;

In giving them such wise, such virtuous Laws,

Which the most Rude with Pleasure will obey ;

That even will make *Barbarians* sociable,

And useful Members of the civil State.

MEL. What are his new, his wond'rous Arts untaught

Before by any? Are they not to make Men

Conceal their Lusts, and smooth their fierce Desires

With Smiles; to bridle up the Tongue, and to

Conceal the Coward or the Hypocrite,

Who dares not shew the lustful Heart's Desires?

LYC. Let not these Prejudices blind your Mind,

But view the God-like Greatness of his Virtue ;

His Justice, Candour, Love towards his Friends,

Affiduous Toils, and Labour for their Good ;

Striving with voluntary Poverty ;

For when his Friends have offer'd to him all

The Gifts and Presents that a Soul could wish,

His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

MEL. ----- You know he is a Stoic :

LYC. Then where's the Man that triumphs in Misfortunes,

With that unshaken Constancy of Mind

Which always has been seen in *Socrates* ?

MEL. Hold ! hold ! Let's hear no more : This fulsome Praise,

10 *The HEATHEN MARTYR;*

'Tis all Vain-glory, Haughtiness of Soul:
But by *Minerva*, Goddess of our Nation,
Both thou and his Disciples, and all those
Who learn his Rules, and spread them thro' the World,
Those civilizing Maxims, as you call them,
Shall suffer as the Partners of his Guilt,
If I have any Power in the State. [Exit Melitus.

LYC. He's gone, and darted Fury from his Eyes;
Youth and Prosperity have made him proud:
Yet fear not, *Socrates*; thy Cause is good;
A just King and his Senators will judge thee;
And as the Sun, whose early morning Ray
Dispells the Clouds, thy Foes will drive away. Ex. Lyc.

Enter MELITUS and MELISSA.

MELIS. Sir, I will speak, and you must hear me too:
The Pow'rs above, who rule o'er all on Earth,
And under whom all earthly Powers reign,
As they are mighty, pious, just, and wise,
And merciful, require that those likewise,
Whom they depute to govern here below,
Should imitate their bright Original,
And act like them; those Pow'rs deputed thine;
Then act like them in shewing Mercy now.

MEL. *Melissa*, urge me not; for by the Laws
Our rev'rend Judges will decide his Fate.
His Crime is that he hath prophan'd our Gods;
And when Men's Crimes exceed the Bounds of Reason,
The Gods' behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th'uplifted Thunder-bolt aside.

MELISS.

MELISS. Look not on Calumnies as Accusations,
For Malice oft the whitest Virtue wounds,
But leaves uncensur'd powerful Villany.

MEL. The wise and learned Judges of our Laws
Have piercing Eyes, and cannot be misled;
But will discern the Truth, and justly punish
The false Accuser, as the Criminal.

MELISS. Vice is assuming, nor will be controul'd
By philosophic Lectures: And believe me
That the prophane Debauches of our Age
Abhor the Freedom wherewith he rebukes them.

MEL. 'Tis this unbridled Licence of his Tongue,
Which has provok'd and stir'd up Foes against him.

MELISS. 'Twas ever so, from the first famed Preacher,
Who, taught from Heav'n, spoke much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, Of Religion, Peace and Truth,
And Judgment from above. Him Old and Young
Assaulted, and had seiz'd with violent Hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
Unseen among the Croud.

MEL. What follow'd then?

MELISS. What could ensue from a licentious Throng,
Neither by Laws constrain'd, nor Reason led,
But Violence, Oppression, and Sword Law?

MEL. Rightly you lay us down so good a Maxim,
To have severest Virtue for our Rule
In judging.

MELISS. Grant that I am but a Woman;
Being your Wife, that Title gives me Right
To point you out the Danger you are in.

12 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Be not seduc'd by false Insinuations
Of Malice and enthusiastick Rage,
Deck'd with the various Forms of a Religion,
Those proud ill-manner'd Zealots have contriv'd.

MEL. Whence had you this superior Ray of Light,
This wond'rous Talent to discern Religions?

MELISS. Just Heaven affords those Knowledge from above,
Who are sincere; a Ray of nat'ral Light,
To know and judge how to direct their Ways
In Justice, Piety, and Charity:
Which since they want, their Boasting is but vain.
Then be not falsely led by such Deceivers,
To give your Voice 'gainst injur'd Innocence.

MEL. No, as I honour Truth, and you my Wife,
I will not: Therefore rest assur'd in this;
Your Admonition shall be treasur'd up.
My Voice shall go where Justice points the Way,
Tho' instant Fate oppose or threaten me.

MELISS. Farewell then, and remember to do so.

MEL. Oh doubt it not, *Melissa*. Pray retire:

Anytus now is coming to my House,
With others, where they mean to hold a Conference,
To judge of Matters in the Accusation.
Retire, I pray; you shall be satisfied. [*Exit Melissa.*]

MELITUS *solus*.

If from his Death no Evil thence ensue,
Then it were well 'twere done, and quickly too;
But oft it follows from a cruel Deed,
That Torments make their own Inventors bleed;

And

And Justice, with an even Hand, again
Returns the Cup which has from us been ta'en.
I have no pers'nal Cause to be his Foe ;
But for th' *Athenian* Government I'm so,
Its Judges and its Ministers of State :
I being one, our Honour cannot bear
The Sharp Reproaches of his rigid Virtue.
Tho' Emp'rors, Kings, and their Ambassadors,
Attend our Court, and rev'ence our free State,
The Pleasure all is lost, while *Socrates*
With an unbounded Liberty must rail,
Observe our Faults, and get them all by Rote,
To put them in the Tongues of all the World.

Enter ANYTUS and PORPHIRIUS.

Anytus and Porphirius, you are come
In Season, to consult of proper Means
How to remove this haughty carping Stoic,
Or stop the Gaul of his licentious Tongue.

ANYT. I have already press'd him on that Head
With Promises and Threats ; laid Hopes and Dangers
Before his Eyes ; but still he scorns them all.
Nor Height of Place, nor Dignity of Office,
Can scape his Censure, if we suffer him.
The Danger nearer grown, may prove too great
For our Suppression, when the tainted Minds
Of Men averse to our Authority
Shall grow too num'rous, and o'erthrow our State.

MELIT. Now in the Name of all the Gods of *Athens*,
What is there in this poor Philosopher,

That

14 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

That he is thus admir'd, thus listen'd to?

PORPH. 'Tis better then to meet the coming Danger,
And stop the Fountain whence such Streams may flow,
Left breaking forth into a mighty Torrent,
It mocks our Care, and overflows the Field,
Drowning the noble Harvest of our Grandure.

MELIT. Be sure then let us urge all Arguments
Which may serve to support the Accusation :
Many, who have no Cause of just Complaint,
Envy his shining Virtues, and accuse him
Ev'n for the Truths he boldly dares to utter.

ANYT. I pray thee cease this nauseous Praise of him,
Or I shall think *Melitus* too corrupted.

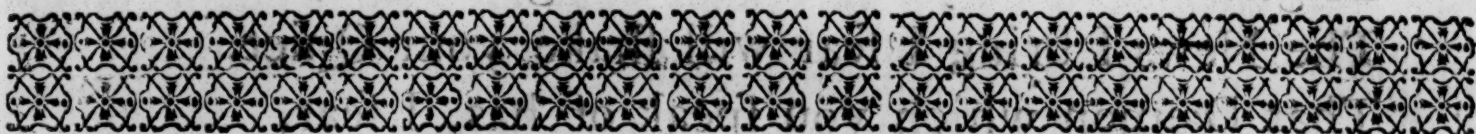
MELIT. No, tho' I hate him, I must tell the Truth.
These will join with us in accusing him,
As Scorners of our Gods, our Youth's Corrupter,
Under the feigned Semblance of Virtue.

Agésilas, Aristoxenus,
Who both are Judges, and will vote against him,
And more whom I could name. Till this Deed's done,
Howe'er our Hopes, our Joys were ne'er begun.

ANYT. Fear not but that these Arts will meet Success;
Great Goddess *Ate*, be our Patroness.

The End of the First Act.

A C T



A C T II.

Scene King Theseus's Palace at Athens.

XANTIPPE.

XAN **O**UR Days of Comfort now are at an End,
 Propos'd to last for many promis'd Years.
 Alas! upon how slender a Foundation
 Are built all Hopes of earthly Happiness.
 Bless'd were those Days when *Socrates* and I,
 Like *Adam* in his Bow'rs of Paradise
 With his fair Spouse, link'd in connubial Love;
 Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets;
 Where Love his golden Shafts employs, and lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings.
 Both wish'd those Days might never end: But now,
 Bay'd by his cruel Foes on ev'ry Side,
 I'm shrunk with Horrors not to be express'd;
 And Danger now, in all its horrid Shapes,
 Stalks in my Way, and makes my Blood run cold,
 Worse than a thousand glaring Spirits could do.
 Thou friendly Dæmon of my *Socrates*,
 Look to thy Charge, assist him now or never.

Enter CRITO.

CRIT. Thou dearest Partner of our worthy Master,

Bright

Bright Storer of your Sex's shining Virtues,
 The News I bring I fear will shake your Quiet.
 That Dæmon which you speak of has, I fear,
 Abandon'd *Socrates* to utter Ruin;
 A Prey to th' Malice of his cruel Foes.

XAN. By all the Fears which thrill my troubled Heart,
 What can you mean by Words so full of Horror?

CRIT. Just now I saw him, and he's coming here,
 Guarded, to take his Trial, and declares
 He is not anxious to preserve his Life;
 * And that his Dæmon had persuaded him
 From thinking what to say in's own Defence.

XAN. Unfriendly Pow'r! what not defend himself?
 By the kind Gods intreat him: Ought he not
 Plead his own Merits?

CRIT. *Lyfias* th' Orator
 Compos'd a Speech, and offer'd it to him;
 But he refuses to pronounce it.

XAN. Alas! must our next Meeting prove so fatal?

CRIT. A brave Contempt of Life, together with
 Disdain of his unjust Accusers Malice,
 Has wrought him to that Temper; nothing makes
 Him less, but turns to be majestick in him.

XAN. When will he come?

CRIT. He's coming now this Hour;
 And with him comes the King and all the Senate:
 Likewise that old malicious Fiend *Anytus*,
 And *Melitus*, his Accusers. I saw them
 Both whisp'ring with *Porphirius*, and their Faces
 Were wrinkled over with ill-natur'd Smiles.

XAN.

* See Bysshe's *Life of Socrates*, p. 85.

XAN. Then here this very Moment will I meet them,
And humbly on my Knees I'll beg his Life;
They will have Mercy on my helpless State,
Pity my Tears, and all my humble Postures.

CRIT. These are vain Hopes. Besides, the Time is come
Appointed for his Trial. Wait th' Event:
That will be Time enough for you to do
After he is condemn'd. Behold they come.

Enter King THESEUS, 1st Judge or Senator Lycon, 2d Senator Porphirius, other Senators, Anytus, Melitus, Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

LYC. Hail to the most heroick King of *Athens*,
The most victorious of the Royal Race!
Great *Theseus*, welcome to your Senators;
Their great Deliv'rer, by the Conquest of
The *Cretan* Minotaur, who had devour'd
Sev'n of our noblest Youths in ev'ry Year.

THES. It joys me much that I have been so happy;
For *Ariadne*, by her wondrous Skill,
From *Dædalus*' Labyrinth set me free;
And whate'er Danger else threaten the State,
I'll risque again the Hazard of my Life.

MELIT. Happy had *Athens* been, had you been King
When fam'd *Lysander*, blasted be his Name!
From *Lacedæmon* came, and with his Fleet
Did on the Coasts of *Hellespont* destroy
Th' *Athenian*, and the Kings of *Sparta* too
From *Peloponesus* begirt our Walls,
Our Government abolish'd, and set up
Thirty abhorred Tyrants here to reign;

D

Those

18 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Those bloody Persecutors of the Lives
Of all our noblest Sons and Citizens.

THES. Th' *Athenians* there may justly blame themselves :
For had you ta'en th' Advice of *Socrates*,
And not have put to Death two valiant Captains,
Then *Athens* never had been so unhappy.
But I will let the sad Remembrance drop.

ANYT. Do not, my Lord, since it brings to our Mind
The Name of *Socrates* ; that arrogant,
That proud Invader of his Country's Peace.

THES. No more, *Anytus* : I perceive your Envy,
And ancient Malice 'gainst his spreading Fame
Thro' all the Regions of the yet known World :
But I will hear no more of this old Grudge.

LXC. Oh Godlike Justice ! suiting mighty *Theseus*. [*Aside.*

MEL. Pardon, great Sov'reign ; for in your Absence
He's been impeach'd by us of divers Crimes,
And now in Bonds is coming to receive
His Doom from you, and from your Senators.

THES. How durst you, factious Rebels as you are,
Bind him in Bonds without my strict Command ?
Am I not then your King ? and will you wrest
My Sov'reign Pow'r from me ?

MEL. Pardon, Great Sir !

His Liberty was full of constant Danger
Unto your State ; and it must have been charg'd
Upon your Regents, had they not restrain'd him,
But, like the Owner of a foul Disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the Pith of Life.

THES.

THES. Where is he now?

ANYT. Without, my Lord, guarded to take his Trial.

THES. Bring him before us.

ANYT. Bring in *Socrates*

[*Exit Officer, and brings in Socrates.*

MEL. My Lord the King, and you great Senators,

Here are the Accusations written down,

And sworn unto by us who do accuse him.

Reads.

The first Charge is, that he is criminal

Because he worships not the Gods of *Athens*,

But introduces strange new Deities.

And he is farther criminal likewise,

Because he's a Corruptor of the Youth.

Also his other Crime appears from hence;

That he instructed *Critias*, who was one

Of the *Athenian* thirty cruel Tyrants.

ANYT. My Liege the King, and Senators of *Athens*,

That he is guilty doth appear in this:

Who knows not he hath publicly declared

Our Dæmons are no Gods? that only one

Is God supreme, who ruleth over all?

POR. And this Belief he labours to infuse

In all Men's Minds; and thus is *Jupiter*,

* Giver of Rains, and Darter of the Thunders,

By him dethron'd, and held in utmost Scorn;

Saying, the Clouds which deck th'uncolour'd Sky,

And wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,

Are Gods, not they.

THES. Now answer *Socrates*.

D 2

Soc.

* Byfsh's *Life of Socrates*, p. 107.

20 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Soc. *Athenians*, Countrymen, and Citizens,
 You all who wonder why I am brought here,
 Accus'd of Crimes punish'd by Law with Death;
 Nor can you wonder more than I myself.
 You all well know the Dignities I bore,
 As offer'd to me, which I never fought;
 You all well know what Power I refus'd,
 When it could not be held with Innocence:
 You thought me worthy then, honour'd and lov'd me.
 What hinders then that still you do the same?

THES. Speak on, Sir.

Soc. Thus wrong'd then as I am, first let me answer:
 It is well known I always have attended
 In Temples at the solemn Sacrifice:
 How can I then be charg'd as a Contemner
 Of the *Athenian* Gods? *Melitus*, speak;
 * Have you not seen me at the Sacrifice?
 Think then what Guilt must hang upon thy Soul,
 Thus falsely to accuse me of this Crime.

MEL. But in your Heart you're known to disbelieve
 Our Gods.

THES. Proceed Sir, to the other Points.

Soc. Next I am charg'd with corrupting the Youth:
 Let those whom I've corrupted first accuse me.
 What Youths with me conversing, from devout
 Are impious grown; from modest, insolent;
 From thrifty, lavish; or from sober, Drunkards;
 Or from laborious, lazy, came from me?

THES. None, *Socrates*, that we know of.

Soc. Let Parents speak whose Children I've corrupted,

Who

* Byfsh's *Life of Socrates*, p. 95.

Who should have been the first of my Accusers,
Had I corrupted them.

1st Judge. That is the Truth.

MEL. I have known those whom thou hast corrupted,
Rather to believe thee, than to believe their Parents.

Soc. So every Artist in his proper Art,
Is rather believ'd, than Father, Son, or Brother.
We chuse not Generals, Physicians, or Lawyers,
Being kindred, but by their superior Skill;
And if my Skill excells all other Men's,
Must I not be believed more than them all?

ANYT. Hah! See they seem transported with his pleading.

[*Aside to Melit.*

MEL. Confusion to them! we shall lose our Cause

[*Melit. aside to him.*

Soc. Now rather say, 'twas not a Zeal for *Athens*,
Or for its Gods, or Youth, drew thee, *Anytus*,
And thee, *Melitus*, to be my Accusers;
But Hopes t'enrich yourselves with your Oppressions,
Which make the honest Citizens cry out,
And scorn to hear Instruction from my Tongue.

ANYT. 'Tis well good *Socrates*; but we can hear you,
And bear the Scandal too with Patience.

MEL. Ay, and with Scorn.

THES. No more? This is no Place

For brawling, so proceed you on Sir.

Soc. Hath not th'unerring Oracle of *Delphos*
Declar'd me wisest, and most just of all Men?

ALL. How's this, we'll hear no more.

* Soc. Why are you startled, since the Oracle

Itself

42 The HEATHEN MARTYR;

Itself did greater Honour to *Lycurgus*,
The Legislator of *Lacedæmon*?

Who entering the Temple of the God,
He Him saluted, with these Words: 'I'm thinking,
' Whether I ought to call thee, Man or God.'

THESE. This is the Truth, as History informs us.

SOC. Be it admitted that I claim a Power
Of knowing Things to come: Is it not true
That I've foretold my Friends many Events,
Which, by Experience, they have found most true?

Judge LYC. This cannot be deny'd.

SOC. Which of you all can charge me with a Lye?

Remember great *Timarchus*, who declared

He died, because he took not my Advice;

Remember too, the Fate of *Charmidas*,

Crito, and many more whom I could name.

3d Judge. Which Way comes the celestial Voice to him,
Porphyrius what think you?

POR. I like him not.

What is he more than mortal, that he thus [*whispers*.
Should be befriended by th'immortal Gods?

SOC. Who with a more disdainful Eye than me

Looks down on Pleasures, and the Baits of Sense?

Of whom have I receiv'd Reward or Bribe?

Whose Silver, or whose Gold have I desir'd?

Or did I e'er deny my Advice to any?

LYC. Is't not well known that all Men court the Favour.*

Of this divine Instructor of Mankind?

That all Men own themselves oblig'd to him,

While he himself is not oblig'd to any?

Have

* Byfish's *Life of Socrates*, p. 40, 41.

Have not the greatest *Grecian* Monarchs beg'd
The Honour of his Presence at their Courts?
This did *Archelaus*, King of *Macedonia*,
Whose Presents he so gen'rously refus'd.

Soc. How comes it when the City was besieg'd,
And Cries of sharp Affliction heard around,
That I alone continu'd unconcern'd,
While others purchas'd Dainties at high Price,
Myself, with a small Pittance, was content?
I say not this to boast what I have done,
I only say it to defend myself.

Lyc. We must confess he speaks the Truth.

Soc. This then the just Reward of all my Toils,
To have those Arms that won you Battles, drove
Th'insulting Foe with Terror from your Walls,
Thus chaf'd and gall'd with these inglorious Chains?

POR. Where will this haughty Arrogance conclude?

3d Judge. He makes himself our Judge, he censures us.

POR. This is the last Time that we are to try him.

3d Judge. Shall we pass Sentence? Speak, what shall we do.

ALL. He is Guilty of the Crimes.

THES. Now *Socrates*, you see you are found guilty;

Yet is it in your Power to save your Life;

But are reduced to this Necessity,

To plead for an Abatement of your Sentence,

For Banishment, Imprisonment, or Death.

Soc. Imprisonment I know must be an Evil;

But whether Death be so, I cannot say.

ALL. Chuse your own Sentence.

Soc. To own my Guilt, and chuse my Punishment,

That

That were to own the Justice of your Charge :
 But since you grant that I should chuse my Sentence,
 And doom myself unto what I deserve,
 I will not keep you longer in Suspence ;
 Unto this Sentence I condemn myself :
 That in the *Pritaneum* I be maintained,
 For the Remainder of my Days to come,
 At the Expences of the Common Wealth,
 For all the Service I have rendered you.

POR. Intolerable Vanity! do y'hear him?

ALL. Say how is this? in the *Pritaneum*?

POR. Insolent Man!

ALL. Hence bear him, hence, away.

POR. To Death away.

ALL. Away with him to Death.

POR. But what Death must he die? Speak all my Lords,
 By Poison, Axe, or Gibbet? Speak.

ALL. By Poison.

POR. Let him drink the Juice of *Hemlock*.

ALL. Ay, the Juice of *Hemlock*.

Soc. Hear me, ye Judges:

What are those Crimes for which Men suffer Death?

Are they not Treasons, Sacrileges, Murthers,

Thefts, Robberies? and can my worst Accusers,

With all their Impudence, charge me with them?

Oh Judgment! Thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason.

POR. Speak no more.

Enter an Officer.

OFF. My Lord, here come some Citizens, and beg

You'd

You'd hear them, in the Prisoner's Defence.

THES. Bring in their Names ; if they be honourable,
Let them enter.

OFF. Their Names I've taken here,
Plato, Apollodorus, Chærophon ;
They are his Scholars.

ALL. Bid them enter then.

THES. Well Sirs, what would you ?

PLAT. My most gracious King,
And rev'rend Bench of Judges, hear us speak.
We come not here to plead for *Socrates*,
Or beg the Sentence pass'd should be repeal'd ;
For that were to condemn those worthy Judges,
Who this Day have pass'd Sentence on his Life,
And those who gave their Evidence against him.

THES. Speak, Sir ; you shall be heard.

APOL. Tho' we are come as Suitors for his Pardon,
We will not blame those Laws which have condemn'd him.
He was our Friend, and we have learn'd of him
In Wisdom's School ; we oft' have heard his Lectures
Of Wisdom, Truth, and sound Philosophy ;
And beg that, as a Ransom for his Life,
You would accept three hundred Crowns from us.

PLAT. We'll all be Sureties for the faithful Payment.

SOC. Oh Friends ! if Sentence had been justly pass'd,
Then I should plead for Mercy, and confess
My just Acknowledgments for your great Love.
But since without a Cause I am condemn'd,
Nor have incur'd the Forfeit of my Life,
I should be wanting to that brave Defence

E

That's

That's justly due to injur'd Innocence,
Should I so meanly bow to pay a Ransom,
Or let my Life be ransom'd by my Friends!

POR. Break up the Councel. Captain, guard the Pris'ner
Safe to his Prison.

THESE. Whate'er is the Cause,
I like not this Proceeding. [Exeunt.]

PLAT. We do intreat you, *Socrates*, to live
For your Friends sake, altho' not for your own.

Soc. Would my Friends have me to acknowledge Crimes
The Laws have found me guilty of, by the
Commands of those who judg'd me, and by asking
My forfeit Life, proclaim their Justice? No;
But die I will without the least Complaint:
My Soul shall vanish silent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdant Fields,
And Leaves of weeping Flow'rs.

APOL. Wond'rous good Man!
How shall I worthily lament thy Fate?

Soc. Grieve not for me, but rather be rejoic'd
That I am guiltless. Had you rather find
I'd been to suffer justly for my Crimes?

PLAT. Not so, great Master: You have often told us
That Innocence is a most strong Support.

Soc. That Death is glorious which is earn'd by Virtue.
My Heart has ended ev'ry earthly Care,
And nothing now remains for me to do,
But to pray for my Country and you ;
So pass the Forms of Death with Constancy,
And leave a Life become indifferent to me.

Officer.

Officer. Sirs, Sirs, I must obey the Senate's Order.

APOL. Alack, then must we part! If so, I fear
I never shall out-live you.

SOC. As you're a Man, and if you ever lov'd me,
Seek not, *Apollodorus*, to prevent
The Time of Life, but arm yourself with Patience,
Untill a Summons comes from that high Pow'r
Which governs us below. Take my Advice,
And learn this Lesson among all the rest;
That suff'ring Virtue, howsoe'er oppress'd,
Or soon or late its just Reward shall find.
It is its own Reward; for the firm Mind
Safe on exalted Virtue reigns sedate,
Superior to the giddy Whirls of Fate.

The End of the Second Act.

E 2

ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E *a* Prison.

Enter CRITO *and* Jaylor.

Jayl. **Y**OUR gen'rous Bounty, Sir, I will repay;
You may command me to your greatest Service.

CRIT. To make the Means for his Escape secure;
That's all I ask.

Jayl. Sir, you shall be oblig'd.
The Under Keepers all at my Command,
To me shall quit the Charge of *Socrates*;
And on this Night, when all are gone to Rest,
He shall have Liberty of free Escape.

CRIT. This Present shall be doubled; you shall have
One hundred Crowns more when he is escap'd

Jayl. Make not my Truth the smallest of your Doubt.

CRIT. But first admit me to the Speech of him,
To give him Notice of what we intend.

Jayl. Follow me, Sir, and I will lead you strait]
To his Apartment.

CRIT. On, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Socrates appears chained in a Cell in the Prison, his Neck
and Limbs galled with the Chains.*

Soc. I say the thinking Soul is somewhat more
Than Symmetry of Atoms well dispos'd,
The Harmony of Matter. Farewell else
The Hope of all Hereafter ; that new Life,
That intellectual Substance which survives,
When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Dust.
This deadly Draught their Union may dissolve,
But cannot end th'Existence of the Soul.
The Heav'ns shall be in Flames, the Elements,
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars dissolv'd ;
But thou amidst the Conflict shalt enjoy
The Bloom of Youth to all Eternity.
Ha ! who comes here, my kind Disciple *Crito* ?

Enter CRITO.

Why are you so in Love with Misery,
To come to share th'Infection of my Fate,
And run the Hazard of your Life for me ?

CRIT. This gloomy Cell, where nothing but the Voice
Of Misery and sharp Affliction sounds,
Yet yields some Comfort at the Sight of you.

Soc. Indeed to those whose Guilt hangs heavy on them,
This gloomy Cell bears some Resemblance
To that Distress which desolates the Soul.
But to the Soul on Contemplation's Wing,
Viewing the Realms of approaching Joy,
A Palace and a Dungeon are alike.

CRIT.

30 The HEATHEN MARTYR

CRIT. But I have News of Comfort to relate.

I've gain'd the Jaylor's Aid for your Escape,
Which he this Night has promis'd to permit,
If you will take th' Advantage of the Time.

Soc. Know you so little yet of *Socrates*,
To think he'd purchase Life on Terms so base,
As cowardly escaping from his Prison,
T' evade the Sentence by the Law decreed?

CRIT. In *Thessaly* you shall find safe Retreat;
My Wealth, my Pow'r, and Int'rest, there are yours.

Soc. Think you that Men ne'er die in *Thessaly*?
Grant that I might escape my present Sentence,
Nature from my first Birth-day has decreed,
That I must die: Death I cannot escape;
And meditating that I must die once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.

CRIT. Sir, if your Sentence had been justly pass'd,
Then I should think escaping were unjust.

Soc. Tho' wicked Judges do pervert the Laws,
To pass erroneous Sentence; yet those Laws
Command Obedience to what they decree.

CRIT. If wrongfully condemn'd, you fly from Death,
You cannot act unworthy of yourself.

Soc. 'Tis not the Part of me, who am condemn'd,
My Sentence to reverse, and judge the Laws.
Would you plead for your Son, who when chastis'd,
Should dare to brand the Justice of his Parent,
Run from his Home, and turn a Vagabond?
The more th'unjustice of my Punishment,
The greatear is the Merit of my Patience.

Enter

Enter Jaylor.

Jay. Haste! Haste! Good Sir, the Hour of Flight is come;
By the South Door you may get clear away,
By the Assistance of the gloomy Night;
My Under Keeper shall assist your Flight.

Enter Under Keeper.

Und. Keep. If you delay one Moment more, your Life
Stands in assured Loss with all your Friends,
Who now endeavour to assist your Flight.
Through yonder Gate, you may discern the Torch-light,
Guards, Officers, and Executioner
Approaching hither.

CRIT. Oh Sir, hasten hence.

Soc. By hastening hence from Death, I shall thereby
But hasten on a Death of Infamy.

Jay. Oh Sir, be speedy; they are at the Gate.

Enter Chærophon, Plato, Apollodorus, Lyfias, Xantippe,
with two of Socrates's Children.

CHÆR. Oh *Socrates*, this Morn, this mournful Morn,
By the Return of the fatal Ship,
Whose Head crown'd by *Apollo's* Priest, to *Delos*
Went to perform the annual Sacrifice,
Your Doom is fix'd, and Orders have been given
For your immediate Death; the Guards approach,
And Executioner.

XAN. What shall I do?

Soc. Oh yet submit with Patience, *Xantippe*.

XAN.

XAN. Why haste you not away, make your Escape?

Why do you drag then when your Fate cries go?

Soc. I say I have already given Reasons,

To which your Prayers must of Force submit;

And therefore leave me, Oh, my *Xantippe*,

And my two Children who thus dissolve me.

The Power whose unfearcheable Decree

Thus dooms our Parting, give you Strength to bear it;

To bear my Death, for 'twill be very soon!

Yet you shall hear nothing unworthy me,

Nothing that's faint, and flagging at the Goal;

But my last Gasp like my first Start of Glory.

XAN. What! leave thee e'er I kiss thy wounded Body?

Soc. With this my bruised Flesh held up to *Heaven*,

Upon my Knees I'll beg the Pow'rs Divine,

T'establish thus the Doctrines I have taught;

To plant them in dead *Socrates's* Blood,

If that, dear Friends, will satisfy our Foes.

CHÆR. May the same Powers grant your pious Prayers!

Fear not, Sir, but your Death will be reveng'd.

Soc. My good Disciples,

There is a Providence that rules o'er all;

Therefore submit, haste for your Lives away;

Retire to *Euclides* at *Megara*,

T'avoid the Rage of my Calumniators,

And there stay 'till the Tempest be o'erblown.

XAN. Ah! my dear *Socrates*.

Soc. *Crito*, I cannot bear to hear her Mourning;

Take her from hence, and lead her safely home.

XAN. I go. For you this Prayer I leave behind me,

When

When you are dead, the Arms of *Angels* waft you;
To those smooth Joys that have no gritty Moments;
For those that brought you to this barb'rous End,
The Whips of Conscience drive them to Despair;
Conscience, t'have none; why then the Stings of Pleasure,
Sores and Diseases, Disappointments plague them:
May all their Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more wrecking than their Mother's Labour;
In meeting *Death*, may their last Trouble be
As great as now, my parting is with thee.

[*Exit with Crito and the Children.*]

PLAT. Behold the Ministers of *Death* approach.

Enter Anytus, Melitus, Officers, Guards, Executioner.

SOC. My End is near, *Death's* Ministers approach,
And I will look on *Death* indifferently.

MEL. We bring you News, Sir, that you are to die
This very Morn, before the Clock strikes Ten.

SOC. This was no more than what I did expect.
Two Days ago, as I lay in my Bed,
A beauteous Woman in my Dream I saw,
Who gave me Notice of my Death, saying,
Thou shalt within three Days at fertile Phthia be.

PLAT. Dear Sir, have you nothing to recommend
About your Burial, after you are dead?
What must be done, your Relicts to preserve
From the Oblivion of the silent Grave?
And from the vile reproachful Tongues of Men,

When

34 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

When the sad Story of your Death is told.

SOC. But treasure up my Precepts in your Mind;

Call to your Mind the Fate of *Palamedes*,

Who fell oppress'd by fland'rous Accusations,

And shines more Bright in the Records of Fame,

Than doth *Ulysses* who was his Accuser.

ANYT. Prepare, the very utmost Time's at hand,

And we must strait perform the King and Senate's Order,

In putting their Sentence in Execution.

SOC. I am prepar'd, give me the mortal Draught.

[*Takes the Cup.*

My Death and Life, my Bane and Cure I take

At once: Weep not my Friends, nor mourn for me.

Plato, If I foresee aright, your Name

* Will be renown'd in the Records of Fame;

I dream'd that you did from my Bosom fly

A Swan, and fill the Earth with Melody;

No Crime at *Athens* 'twill hereafter be,

That you've been call'd Scholars and Friends to me.

I owe a Cock to *Æsculapius*, pray

Fail not to see it paid without delay.

[*Drinks and dies.*

PLAT. There fled the mightiest Soul that ever warm'd

A human Breast, beware now wretched *Athens*,

That you do not too late repent the Fault

Of your too rash ungovern'd Cruelty:

† I blest thee, O Almighty Pow'r above,

Who caus'd me to be born, and to live

I'th'Age of this divine Philosopher;

Men —

* See Bysshe's *Life of Socrates*, p. 38.

† Ibid, p. 38.

Men never know the Cause they have to mourn,
The Loss of Good, until they find Return;
The Evil which that Good had kept away,
And seize upon them as an easy Prey ;
Thy Wisdom flowing from thy Tongue divine,
Inspir'd a purer Flame than to repine
For worldly Wealth, but to reform the Mind,
To long for Virtue, whose Reward shall be
Those Riches, which endure eternally. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.



A C T IV.

SCENE before the Temple of Minerva.

Enter Theseus, Judges, Guards, &c.

THESEUS. **S**URE Heav'n is angry at this dreadful Time,
For some enormous Crime by Man committed;
Such Multitudes swept to the Shades below,
By this most dire Contagion plainly shew it.

To them enter Lyfias.

LYSIAS. The Skill of our Physician is in vain;
The Planets strike, the hollow Caverns yawn,
Breathing out rheumy pestilential Damps
Which spread a sad Infection; Heaven and Earth,
Unite their Pow'rs against our wretched State.

Enter LYCON.

Lycon, why look you so amazedly?

LYCON. This Moment, as I pass'd along the Streets,
I found them cover'd with the prostrate Dead;

Shrieks and Groans heard.

Two Thousand in this very moment drop'd;
Scarce one had Time to mourn his Brother's Fate,

But

But strait he fell himself dead on the Ground,
Likewise lamented. I saw *Zeno* fall,
Aristocrates, and *Pollydamas*,
And *Xenocrates*, holding suppliant Hands
Towards *Minerva's* Temple, fell down dead.

To them enter *Protagoras* Priest of *Minerva*, follow'd by
Athenians, who kneel to *Theseus*.

PRO. Oh Father and Deliverer of your Country;
To you we supplicate as to a God,
Humbly with lifted Hands and bended Knees,
To look upon our sad distressed State;
Whom you have once deliver'd, but alas!
The Glory of that Deed will be forgot,
When your dead Subject cannot praise you for it;
Deliver us then from this other Plague.

THESE. Alas! my People, what can I do for you?
Such is the Common Course of Providence,
That each Delight is temper'd with Affliction.
What Man could do, I have not fail'd to do;
But sent to *Apollo's* Oracle at *Delphos*,
T'enquire out the Cause and Remedy
Of this sad Plague which now infests the Land;
And now the Messenger comes with an Answer.

Enter Messenger.

MES. The sacred Priest upon the *Tripes* stood,
And with these Words, answer'd to my Demand.
Why *Athens* is curs'd with a dreadful Plague,
Innocent Blood in *Athens* lately shed,

Hath

38 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Hath drawn these horrid Plagues upon your Head.
 THES. Behold *Athenians*, how the God's esteem
 The Blood of Men, when they revenge it on
 A whole Nation, by Monsters, Wars, and Plagues,
 If't be unjustly shed. But where, or who
 The Murth'ers are; those Cankers which devour
 Our Pith of Life; and whose the innocent Blood
 Which hath by them been so unjustly shed;
 We must beseech *Minerva* to inform us.

PROT. Oh! Thou great Guardian, Goddess of our City,
 Have Pity on thy sad distressed People.

PROT. I think we came to worship, see the Gates
 Are open, and the Priests attend the Altar.
 Enter and supplicate *Minerva's* Aid.

[*Exeunt into the Temple.*]

Scene the Theatre.

Enter Euripides and a Player.

EUR. Pronounce these Lines, and with an Accent clear
 And loud, that all the Audience may hear,
 How gently so'er you speak the rest.

Play. The King, his Court, and all the Judges come
 This Ev'ning hither to see this new Play,
 Hearing some Part on't touches close the Times;
 Since Prayers prevail not on the Deity,
 To intermit this sad disastrous Plague:
 For Poets have, they say, prophetic Spirits.

*Enter King, Senators, Guards, Attendants, Lycon,
 Porphirius.*

THES. My Lords, what call you this new Play?

LYC.

LYC. My Liege, the Title on't is *Palamedes*.

THES. Who was this *Palamedes*?

3^d Judge. The Son of *Nauplius*, King of *Euboea*,
Who forc'd *Ulysses* to the *Trojan* Wars
Against his Will, therefore by him accus'd,
Tho' falsely; he was ston'd to Death at *Troy*.

LYC. My Lord, the Story is in *Homer's Iliads*.

THES. We shall know this by him who speaks the Prologue

Enter Prologue.

Prol. *My noble Hearers, lend attentive Ear,
A famous Grecian Story you shall hear,
Recorded sev'ral hundred Years ago,
And now brought back t'adorn our present Show;
And we will with these Words begin our Play,
From the most Just of all the Greeks you snatch'd the
Life away.*

THES. D'ye hear? 'tis plain at what the Poet aims.

LYC. Mark'd you that Line, my Lord and Senators?

From the most Just of all, &c.

THES. That Line, 'tis plain, relates to *Socrates*.

POR. Command him hence, my Lords; he's an Impostor.

LYC. Look round and view what Floods of Sorrow swell
The Eyes of the Beholders.

THES. Certainly

These Plagues fall on us to revenge his Death.

POR. Hear me, my Lords; believe *Porphirius*.

THES. Are you not one of his false Accusers?

Take Heed lest you provoke our Anger more,
In offering to justify yourself.

LYC.

40 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

LYC. If you will please to hear the Prologue out,
We shall know more.

THES. Then speak the Prologue out.

Prol. *But let this cruel Deed recorded be,
For a just Warning to Posterity;
Lest Patriots falsely slander'd, as he's been,
Should fall as Victims to envenom'd Spleen.*

THES. Go bring the Poet here into our Presence,
To tell us the whole Purport of the Play.

3d Judge. Bring here *Euripides* immediately.

Yes, it is plain that we have been abus'd.

[Exit Officer, and enters with Euripides.]

EUR. 'Tis well, my Lords, now that you've sadly felt
Such sad Calamities, you seek the Cause:

'Tis well that sad Experience makes you believe
What you before would not believe was true.

You put to Death the guiltless *Socrates*:

Therefore the righteous Gods thus visit you
With Multiplicity of diverse Plagues.

LYC. Alas! 'twas what I fear'd.

THES. We'll send our Warrant out to apprehend

Aristoxenus, Agesilaus,

Anytus, and Melitus, and Porphirius,

And the rest.

POR. Fate now has caught us; we are all undone. *[Aside.]*

My Lords, I humbly kneel to crave your Mercy
For me and all my Friends: We do confess.

3d Judge. What dost thou say?

THES. Mercy! yes, Traytor, you shall have such Mercy

As

As you shew'd to the guiltless *Socrates*;
Such as your horrid Perjuries deserve.

Here take him instantly,
And all the rest of his Accomplices,
And guard them at the Peril of your Lives.

[To the Guards, who seize Porphirius, and carry him off.]

EUR. Oh now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The Dint of Pity: These are gracious Drops. *[Plagues,*
1st Judge LYC. Our Land will ne'er be free from all these
And Peace restor'd, until those be cut off,
For whose Sake Heaven afflicts the Innocent,
And scatters such Variety of Plagues.

THES. Fail not, but see our Orders be obey'd,
That every where the strictest Search be made
For th'Authors of all the Calamities
Which my good Subjects are afflicted with.

3d Judge. Here is a List of all whom we proscribe:
This the Reward of each, alive or dead.

*[Gives a Paper to the Officer, who goes out with
the rest of the Guards, taking the Paper.]*

THES. Likewise see that our Ports be well secur'd,
That none escape out of the Land from Justice.

Exeunt all but Euripides.

EUR. Now let it Work. Mischief thou art on Foot;

Enter a Servant.

Take thou what Course thou wilt. How now Fellow?

Serv. I come from *Mægara*, where the Disciples
Of *Socrates* are safely now arriv'd.

They bid me come to you, Sir, and enquire
If yet the Fury of their Master's Foes
Proceeded still to persecute his Friends?

The HEATHEN MARTYR;

Or they might safely now return to *Athens*?

If not, desire that you will come to them.

EUR. Not safely yet, but shortly 't may be safe.

Mean while I will inform them by Letters,

Which I will have thee take along with thee.

'Tis very likely Vengeance will pursue

The bloody Foes of martyr'd *Socrates*.

Come go along with me and take the Letters. [*Exeunt*.]

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T V.

SCENE I. Melitus's House.

Enter MELITUS.

“**T**HE Evil Genius of the State's abroad ;
 “ Horror, Despair, and publick Consternation
 “ Sit on the Looks of all the Citizens,
 “ As it were Dooms-day ; and as I pass'd by
 “ At me they gaz'd, and gnash'd their Teeth, and frown'd,
 “ And with their angry Looks seem'd to accuse me,
 “ As if I had been the Author of their Woes.
 “ I hasted home to 'scape the threat'ning Danger,
 “ Which from their growing Fury much I fear'd.

Enter ANYTUS.

ANYT. “ The Exercises stopt, the Schools shut up,

“ Proclaim a Time of universal Mourning.

MEL. Now do I dread th'Event of your ill Counsel,

Which led me on to be Accomplice with thee

In

In the Destruction of the Innocent.

ANYT. Led on by me! Forbear thus to accuse me
Of what you know your Friend is innocent.

MEL. Your Fingers itching after filthy Bribes,
Have drawn upon us both the publick Hate,
As I had been Companion in your Revels.

ANYT. Injurious Man!

Blacken not me before yourself is clear.

MEL. Yes, I will say it was your ancient Grudge
Inveterate against so good a Man,
Induc'd you to accuse him, and lead me
To be a base Accomplice in your Guilt.

ANYT. By me led on!

MEL. Aye, by you.

ANYT. Forbear thus to accuse my Innocence;
Least you provoke the Fury of *Anytus*!
I say 'tis false! those Passions in your Soul,
Far more unruly than the Monster *Hydra*,
Set you on doing that for which you blame me.

MEL. Great Gods! See how this angry Man upbraids me,
As if I had been guilty as *Cataline*,
And he as harmless as *Cicero*
His Conqueror; but surely had I been
Calm and unruffled as a Summer Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface,
This might disarm me of my Patience;
Spur my Revenge. Old Man, how dar'st thou say so?

ANYT. Go to, you peevish Boy, threaten thy Slaves,
For thou can'st not affrighten *Anytus*.

Enter Porphirius bloody with his Sword drawn.

POR. Difference! Fie, my Friends; our common Danger

Should teach us to unite; for certain Danger
 Approaches, and which threatens us with *Death* :
 For all the public Calamities
 Which have befallen *Athens*, now are charg'd
 As Tokens of the Wrath of Heaven upon it,
 For th'unjust Death of *Socrates*; and now,
 The King and Senate have decreed to appease
 Heav'n's Vengeance by the Blood of his Accusers.

MEL. Where learned you that *Porphirius*?

POR. Myself was apprehended by the Guard,
 But kill'd my Keeper, and made my Escape
 This very Moment, and fled thro' the City.
 All People cried aloud to apprehend me;
 But I escap'd from them, and in the Streets,
 The furious Rabble ston'd me as I pass'd,
 And hardly I escaped with my Life;
 Let us not part my Friends, but share one Fate.

ANYT. That well becomes brave Men;
 Yet are we much securer from the Reach
 Of angry Pow'r, and likeliest to obtain
 Conditions for our Families, Lives, and Fortunes.
 The killing Shaft being out, it is more safe
 T'avoid the Aim.

MEL. Sir, you may do your Will;
 Our separate Fortunes may keep us the safer,
 I shall stay here till farther News arrive;
 Perhaps *Death's* Sentence chang'd into a Mulct,
 If not, I've promise of some well arm'd Friends,
 Who have agreed to rise in our Defence.

ANYT. Now I'll take Horse and Post to *Heraclea*,
 And would persuade you all to follow me,

But

But as you please, there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steals itself when there's no Mercy left.

MEL. We Part perhaps never to meet again,
So many of our Friends so lately fallen,
† Thro' deep Despair, by Self, and violent Hands;
And others banish'd, give us Cause to fear it:
Therefore, my Friend, let us exchange Forgiveness;
The Warmth of Youth, and Forwardness of Age,
Let's mutually forget.

ANYT. Oh! *Melitus*,
For ever and for ever farewell to thee;
Perhaps indeed we ne'er may meet again.
If safely I arrive at *Heraclea*,
I shall be glad to hear what comes of you.

MEL. Oh! that the sov'reign Pow'r, who shap'd our Parts;
Who gave us Souls, and understanding Hearts;
Had given us Eyes, whereby to understand
Th'Event of ev'ry Work we take in Hand.

ANYT. Once more farewell. [Exit Anytus.

Guns go off.

MEL. I heard some Guns go off, I fear he's ta'en;
I know strict Search this Moment is on Foot,
Till it be over; mean while, *Dromo*, thou
Haste to thy Lady, carry her this Letter,
And stay her from returning home awhile,
And in her Absence it will comfort her.

Dro. My Lord, I shall obey your Orders. [Exit Dromo.

MEL. I feel a shiv'ring like the Stroke of Death;
And in a mournful Tone, methought a Voice,
As from some vaulted Mansion, hollow'd to me;
As if a Ghost had call'd me to my Grave.

Dro.

† See Bysshe's *Life of* Socrates, p. 98.

46 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Re-enter Dromo.

Dro. My Lord, the Moment I went out o'th'Gate,
I saw some of your Friends passing this Way;
They are all arm'd, and Shout that they're pursu'd
By armed Bands, sent out to apprehend
All who conspir'd against *Socrates*.

[Cry without, fly, fly, fly.]

POR. Open the Gates, that all our Friends may enter.

[Cry nearer, fly, &c.]

Enter other of the Conspirators.

MEL. We need not fly, there's Room enough to die
Upon this single Spot. Welcome my Friends,
Aristoxenus, Agesilaus,
Hail to you both, since we're prepar'd and arm'd,
Here will we stand the Fury of a Siege,
In this our little Palace with you all:
I'll Fight, till from my Bones my Flesh is hack'd,
E're I'll be born a Pris'ner to the State.

POR. Our Walls are strong, and may perhaps hold out,
With the Assistance of our gallant Friends,
Till we obtain Conditions for our Lives,
And all our Friends; that is my utmost Hope.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. There's a whole Band of Men just now advancing,
Who hearing we had fortify'd ourselves,
Intending to evade the Laws decree,
Are come this Minute to attack the Palace.

MEL. We have some Cannons planted on the Walls;
And if we fire all our Guns at once
Upon them, we may put them to the Flight,
If there be but a little Band of Men.

POR.

POR. Retire, and every one take to his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

Enter an Officer and Soldiers, and Lycon as Chief.

OFF. This Way the Palace is accessible :

A vigorous Attack upon this Side,
Will draw the whole Power of the Rebels here;
Mean while, you *Lycon*, with your Squadron, force
The Northern Door, and so enclose them round. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarm. Enter Lycon and his Party, pursuing Melitus,
Porphirius, and their Party.*

LYC. Hear Citizens and Countrymen of *Athens*,
What is the Reason why you rise in Arms,
To take the Parts of these rebellious Lords,
Who traiterously have conspir'd the Death
O'th'Innocent, and from malignant Stars,
Have drawn this Plague * that blasts unhappy *Athens* :
If you regard your King and Country's safety,
Or your own Lives, without the least delay,
Deliver them up instantly to Justice.

MEL. Defend us Friends, and listen not to those,
Whose lying Fanes, and forging Prophets, have
Conspir'd to take away our Lives and Fortunes;
Because their Oracle, as they pretend,
Hath charged strange Guilt on us, of which they know
That we are free.

LYC. *Melitus*, your own Conscience must accuse you,
Or why by this rebellious Course do you
Make your Defence, and not deliver up
Yourself unto the Judgment of the Law?

MEL. My Law is in my Sword, and that shall try me;
But not the Judgment of your King and Senate;

Therefore

* See Bysshe's *Life of Socrates*, p. 97.

48 *The* HEATHEN MARTYR;

Therefore my Friends, let us not parly longer,
Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.

LYC. Take my Advice, do but deliver up
Melitus, and those other two your Leaders,
And all the others of you shall be pardoned.

ALL. Talk not of delivering; we will protect him.

LYC. Then let's fall on, I doubt not in this Cause,
With twice those odds of Men t'overcome you.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

Alarm, and firing off of Guns.

Enter Officers and Soldiers, and fight: Porphirius falls.

POR. I die, *Melitus*. Now, *Socrates*, thou art reveng'd
Upon *Porphirius*,

As the last Night thy Spirit came and told me. [*Dies.*

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

MEL. Oh, Friends, come to my Rescue.

Sold. No rescuing here.

MEL. These Wounds are but a Prelude
Unto the fatal Stroke which I foresee
Will fall on my devoted Head this Day.

This is my Birth-Day: Time is come about:-

And e'er Tomorrow's Sun I am no more.

Officer. Spoken like a true Prophet; take and bind him.

[*They bind Melitus.*

Our Orders were to take thee Dead or Living;

And being an Out-law, thou art dead in Law:

You have not left one Minute more to live.

Strike, sheath your Daggers in the Traytor's Breast.

MEL. Stop till I offer one Vow to the Gods.

Officer. Strike, strike, I say: Kill him immediately.

[*They stab Melitus.*

MEL.

MEL. What hath been charg'd upon me I have done :
Justly the Gods do thus revenge the Blood
Shed by my Tongue, who will pursue the Slayer
Ev'n to the utmost Corners of the Earth,
And make his Conscience own his Crime of Murther
Sooner or later. Oh! the Stroke of Death
Hath seiz'd my Sense: I die and am no more. [*Dies.*
Officer. Take up the Bodies; bear them to the Senate:
Here our Commission ends. Away, away.
[*Exeunt with the Bodies.*

Enter Melissa and Dromo.

MELISS. Oh, *Dromo*, hasten hence, and seek thy Lord ;
For he fled from his House early this Morn.
Enquire among his Friends. Alas! I fear
He was in great Confusion when he went.

DROM. Madam, I shall obey you; but, Oh me!

MELISS. Alas! what mean you?

DROM. There was a Decree

Pass'd Yesterday; know you not of it Madam?

MELISS. I know not, *Dromo*; for since I return'd

To-day from *Cnidus*, I have heard no News.

Say, what hast thou to tell?

DROM. I dare not tell.

MELISS. He was well when he left me in the Morning;

Th'Infection had not then reach'd to our House.

Say, hath it happen'd since?

DROM. Alas! Madam,

I fear by this Time -----

MELISS. Speak; what wouldst thou say?

I fear'd some Evil would befall our House:

H

I dreamt

I dreamt last Night he was dress'd in a Shroud,
And that I follow'd him unto the Grave.

DROM. I fear that soon 'twill be too true a Dream.

MELISS. Ah me!

DROM. A Warrant is sign'd for his Death.

MELISS. Ha! what condemn'd to Death unheard, unpleaded?

DROM. And by this Time I fear he is no more.

MELISS. Is this the promis'd End? Give me thy Dagger,
Poison, or Fire, or Water! Ah! my Lord.

I have a strong Temptation, *Dromo, Dromo*;

But stay a while; he shall not go alone;

I'll follow him. Here then this is well aim'd.

*[Snatches Dromo's Dagger, draws it, and offers to
stab herself: He prevents her.]*

DROM. Stop, stop, oh stop your cruel Hand! Oh Heav'ns!

This is the utmost Fury of Despair.

Help! Help!

Madam, what meant you by that desperate Aim?

[Enter other Servants, and lead her off.]

Scene the Royal Palace.

*Enter Theseus the King, Euripides, Lycon, Lyfias, Plato,
Apollodorus, Chærophon.*

THES. You worthy Friends of murder'd *Socrates*,
Whose memory we honour, and therefore,
To recompence you for your Loss of him,
We have thought fit to call you from your Exile,
To share the common Privileges here,
With other of the Citizens of *Athens*:
As for his vile Accusers, some have felt

The

The Cup of their deserving, who have fallen,
By Self and violent Hands; and we have sent
Our Warrants out to apprehend the others.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lord, the Officer's return'd
With News, that *Anytus* and *Melitus*,
And *Porphirius*, whom you have proscrib'd,
Are dead, and they have brought their Bodies with them.

THES. Bring them before us; set them in our View.

Exit Messenger.

This rig'rous Execution makes us tremble,
But moves us not with Pity.

The Bodies are brought in by Officers and Soldiers.

How fell they?

Off. Myself slew *Porphirius* and *Melitus*;
* But *Anytus* was slain in *Heraclea*,
Being ston'd to Death by the Inhabitants.

THES. *Melissa* too is dead, we are inform'd:
By what Means did that virtuous Woman die?

EUR. Being impatient for *Melitus's* Absence,
And hearing of his Death, she fell distracted;
So burst her Heart with Violence of Grief.

LYC. We now may hope that Heav'n will be pleas'd,
And put an end to all our Sufferings,
That foreign Foes no more destroy our Fields,
The lab'ring Hind's best Hope; nor civil Broils,
Since now the Plague has ceas'd from raging here.

THES. We now have done all that is in our Power,
T'avenge the guiltless Blood of *Socrates*;

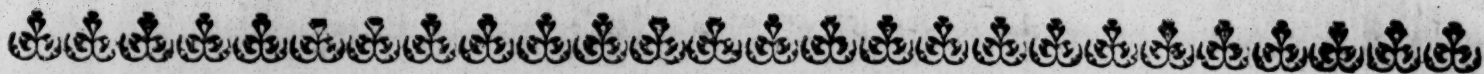
* Ibid, p. 98.

All now remaining is, that we do something
 To propagate his Mem'ry among Men:
 This shall be done; we'll set up in his Honour
 A brazen Statue, made by *Lyfippus*,
 And place it in the House of Pomps; likewise
 A Chapel to him we will dedicate;
 And after him, the Structure shall be called
Socrateon, from pious *Socrates*;
 So his revenging Ghost we shall appease.
 Henceforth by this Example warned be
 Ye Kings and Princes to Posterity;
 If Plagues your loyal Subjects should annoy,
 That Heav'n sends you their Authors to destroy.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.





A C T I.

Page 3. after l. 8. read.

But rally on the Stage impunibly.
The greatest Men of the Republick.

Page 9. l. 17. read.

Who shames to shew the lustful Heart's Desires.

Page 14. after l. 1. add,

POR. Originally bred a Statuary,
He in his Art indeed was so well vers'd,
That Statues of *Mercury* and the *Graces*,
Were carv'd by him, and in the Castle plac'd,
But afterwards, soon quitting his Employment,
Contrary to his Father's strict Commands,
Sophronisus, to keep to his own Trade,
Led blindly on by his capricious Humour,
Left it, to be *Archelaus's* Disciple.
He first discours'd in Shops, and publick Places,
Was pull'd by th' Cloak, laugh'd at, aye, and once kick'd.
A Man of so ridiculous a Temper,
By censuring the Faults of Great and Small,
Should keep us in such Fear, it doth disturb me.
AN. 'Tis better then, &c.

Page 22. l. 11. read.

LYC. Foretold he not the Fleet which we prepar'd,
To conquer *Sicily*, wou'd ne'er return.
And so it prov'd: For *Nicias* not attacking
Syracusa, the Inhabitants forewarn'd,
In Time prepar'd themselves for their Defence.

A C T

A C T III.

Page 22. after l. 26.

Remember how he hazarded his Life,
 Endeavouring to rescue by himself
 Good *Theramenes* sentenced to die
 Unjustly, by th' *Athenian* thirty Tyrants.
 How he their unjust Order disobey'd.
 To bring a Citizen from *Salamina*,
 Unjustly sentenced by them likewise.

Page 34. l. 21. after the Word drinks.

Haste, haste, my Friends, away to *Megara*,
 T' escape the Death which now you see me suffer,
 The few remaining Moments of my Life,
 I'd fain employ in doing you some Service.
 I recommend to you with my last Breath,
 The Care of my Wife, and her two dear Infants.
 I'm fainting, dying; when shall I be freed
 Out of this wretched Prison, the sinful World.
 I feel a Ray of Light dart in upon me,
 Which greatly cheers up my departing Soul.
 Thou Pow'r Supreme! in whom I've always believ'd,
 Though Clouds of Doubts and dark Uncertainties,
 Shadow'd the distant Prospect of my Hopes.
 Impute not this my Weakness to my Fault;
 You're Merciful and Wise, but I am, Oh!

[Dies.]



